From The Leader. THE BAD TIME PRESENT. This is no time for sloth or coward fears;
Life's battle summons us to bravely strike
When Truth is champion'd and Oppression

when truth is champion a and Oppression scourg'd.

The sale is leprosied with wrong: in vain

Do thousends toil to earn their daily bread

In bare sufficiency: they toil and starve

Midst boundless wealth from their faint sinews

And yet we boast that England holds no slave. e!-What, are they free whom ruthless

No slave ads through a weary round of bitter tasks, From haggard dawn to drowsy midnight chimes Such freedom binds the soul to lifelong wo, Ardo'e each quickly wasting sense sets up The tyranny of Pain. 'Tis well that Law Should equal rights extend to rich and poor; Should equal rights extend to rich and poor;
But rights are mockeries unless they yield
Fruition of the good they recognize.
Man's nature grows upon the physical,
Though vivified by breath divine. He needs
Food, clothing, shelter, hours of sleepful rest,
Sunshine, and wholesome air, and privacy,
Wherein the sacred joys of Home may bide.
These common blessings stinted, he is lost
To higher good; Thought withers in his soul;
His feelings stagnate; his affections droop: ings stagnate; his affections droop; God disappears smid the blinding gloom of his strong anguish; and he welcomes As the sole refuge of his hopelessness. omes death

Beneath the garnished surface of our State Buch misery festers—a most hideous mass Of social rottenness. There, ghoul-like, feed Insatiate Evils, bred in human hearts Quick only with the motions of despair, and bound in darkness fouler than the grave's. Shall we blaspheme our Maker, and pronounce

Shall we blaspheme our Maker, and pronount This ghastly spectacle of ruined minds. The work of His decree? No: not from Him, The Just, comes this injustice: not from Him, The Merciful, flows this soul whelming wo. Look on the universe, and learn His will, Where Order smiles through Beauty evermore, And mighty elements, in ceaseless play, Are modulated by a soul of love. Our human woes grow only in the soil Of human hearts, planted and cultured there With care perverse, that reaps an endless crop. O for a wiser husbandry, to clothe Life's barren spots and dismal wastes with joy, Using God's gifts, as they were meant, for ALL, In just proportion unto toil and need! Then fainting limbs might rest; and aching eyes, That strain and darken over ceaseless tasks,
Might close in balmy sleep; and hearts that bleed
Against the torturing edge of Want might heal.

God's bounty is not stinted: it transcends The atmost limit of our social need, But waits acceptance in the modes prescribed By laws that would transmute our ill to good, and make good lasting as its source divine. Society was meant for brotherhood, All thought and action blending in one whole Harmonious as the gracious Bow of Heaven, Which spreads its beauty on the murky clouds By unison of countless beams. But we Make it a battle-field, where e'en the good That's won is mutilated in the strife,
And tears stand thick upon the victor's wreath.

J. E. C.

THE JEWS' QUARTER IN PRAGUE.

One of the most remarkable localities in Eu-Pope is the "Ghetto," or Jews' Quarter in Prague. Untouched for centuries, and until late years undisturbed by the visits of curious Christians, it is one of those rare spots where the very form and spirit of antiquity have not yet given way to modorn enterprise and change. Some description of Its physiognomy and the curious Hebrew traditions, of which it is the source, will be interesting to the readers of The Tribune.

The 'Ghetto' lies in the northern part of Prague, not far from the Moldau. Approaching It from the Christian part of the city, one generally sees a group of Jew porters sitting at the entrance. In these crooked, dwarfish, and antiquated men, the enormous strength which they exhibit in their profession, would not be suspected. One of the gray-haired, shriveled and wrinkled porters, almost crawling in his gait, not unfrequently carries, for a mile or two, immense thests and coffers, or the whole furniture of a amily. With the exception of Amsterdam, there in to city in Europe, whose Jewish population is accustomed to such severe physical laber.

The Breitegasse (Broadway) is the principal street of the "Ghetto." Here everything is dark and forbidding; below, gateways and stairways Where a lantern would not be out of place at noonday; above, roofs of hundredfold slants, shooting over the high rows of houses on each side and forming narrow, airy bridges for pigeons and sparrows. Each story has its separate family, for more than 7,000 souls are clustered together in the "Ghetto," the few favored Hebrews who live in the other parts of the city being obliged to pay large sums for the privilege. The confusion, noise and movement in the street, on account of the crowded state of the quarter, is a marvel to behold, and impresses one with somewhat of the same feeling with which, when a child, he looked into a fantastic picture book. At the Jewish fesgival of "Purim," when Israel celebrates its delivery from the hands of Haman, the Ghetto is half a fairy city, half a Gipsy camp. Stately Judiths and Esthers, chanting the love-songs of Schiller with the whining tone of their dialect, go in masks from house to house, while the old Women in gilded caps, the stardy beggars, the cripples and cheese-rabbis (so called) seem more like masks than actual characters. A discordant. continual cry, which might be taken as an expression of either joy or wo, peals from the brilliantly-lighted synagogues; screaming cooks run Bgainst each other with their shallow pans of that national Jewish dish, which is older that the Egyptian pyramids, and which the Bible alludes to as the " flesh-pots of Mizraim." In the garrets the children of the beggars held a jubilee over the strongly-spiced dishes which have been sent them in charity; in the third story the dealer in old clothes tells his family about the old times when it was dangerous for a Jew to go outside of the Chetto on Good Friday: but in the first story all Is brilliance and Parisian perfume, and the rich Israelites, dressed in the latest style, go through with their dances and tableaux vivants.

The Chetto of Prague is a little world in itself rich in traditions and monuments of the past. Its prigin goes far back into the times of the Pagans. Long before the days of King Herod-according to the current legend-there lived in Palestine three virtuous men of the race of David, to whom God revealed the future in a dream. In order to spare their descendants the sight of the desolation of which Judea was to be the theater, they took up the pilgrim's staff, and left the Promised Land In company with their wives and children. The Image of the many-branched candlestick in the Temple at Jerusalem, with all its burning lights appeared in the air before them, as a guide. Thus they came further and further to the West. Durhag their long pilgrimage they did not cease to praise the Lord by diligent study of the Talmud and this preserved them from all danger. Whenever the little caravan was attacked, its members began that curious pantomime which accompanies the reading of The Talmud, with clapping of hands. agitation of body and loud outcries; whereby both savage beasts and wild Pagans were alarmed, and took to flight. Once, however, the Sabbath was violated: the first star had appeared in the sky, one Friday evening, when a boy among them broke a sapling in the woods, to cut a staff. The image of the burning candlestick immediate-Vanished; the caravan fell into confusion, went astray and separated. It so happened that part of the pilgrims reached Toledo in Spain, another part the town of Worms, and a third part settled on the right bank of the Moldan, before either a German or a Slave had trodden the soil of Bohemia. Their families increased so fast, in consequence of their piety, that in the course of a single generation, there were several synagogues erected in Prague. The " Altneuschul," as it is called, is the oldest

synagogue in the quarter. For many centuries it was entirely choked up and burled in the earth. and only discovered and exhumed in the time of Wallenstein. A stone stairway leads downward to its entrance, as to a vault; the interior is built in the old Judean style of architecture. Pillars. ceilings, walls and galleries are as black as coal. This fact has no ordinary significance. The synagogue remains to this day a place of wonder. since it is reported to have given, in the early times of the settlers, regular intelligence of the fate of their home in Palestine. When Titus led his legions against the City of David, the pillars of the synagogue, according to the old legend, began to tremble; the doors of the Ark flew open with a sound of lamentation, and the holy parchment upon which the Books of Moses were inscribed, unrolled of itself until the Chapter of blessings and curses was visible. Then arose great weeping and lament among the old men and children. The young men, however, armed themselves, and set out to the rescue of the Holy City. with a warlike young Rabbi at their head, Scarcely had they passed without the gate of their city when the knees of their leader began to tremble, and his feet were rooted to the earth-"I am like the ass of Balaam," he cried "I see warning visions-they come up from the earth and down out of the clouds, and beckon me to return." Then exclaimed several: "Thou hast not repeated thy morning prayer with due devotion, or hast omitted a sentence therefrom. Let us choose another leader, who is undefiled." But it happened to all as to the young Rabbi, so they turned sorrowfully homeward, and Jerusalem was lost.

When the eventful day came when Zion fell and Jerusalem was destroyed, the synagogue was suddenly filled with thick Egyptian darkness. The congregation fled in terror from the temple, but lo! the sky was as blue and clear as ever. Shuddering, they comprehended the meaning of the sign; they commenced a fast, rent their best garments, and strewed the ashes of desolation upon their heads. After seven days the mysterious darkness disappeared from the synagogue, but the white walls remained as black as the charred cedar joists of the Temple of Jerusalem. The night of that exile which was thenceforth the doom of the scattered Children of Israel, remains as a perpetual admonition upon the walls. Their black ness is holy; no human hand dares to remove it; the blasphemous finger would wither, that dared to scratch thereon. But on the Day of Redemption, the stain will disappear of itself, and the walls of the consecrated edifice suddenly beam with a diamond luster, like the gates of Heaven. Since the fall of Jerusalem; therefore, the curse in common use among the Jews of Prague is: " Be

Any change in the structure and decoration of this half subterranean temple is forbidden. During the last century, a sexton ventured to attempt driving a nail into the walls. The ladder on which he had ascended tumbled down, hammer and nails fell out of his hands, and he remained a whole bour banging dead in the air. At last he was gradually lowered to the earth by in. visible spirits, and only came to life again after he bad been dressed in the garments of the grave. This man, on whose countenance a smile was never afterward seen, saw and heard all that was passing around him while he lay in the trancethe lamentations of his children, the voices of his friends and acquaintances, and even the tears and kisses of his wife which he felt like melted lead on his face, without being able to move. While hanging in the air, he beheld terrible sights with the inward eye What they were, he confided to no one, except the celebrated " Hoch Reb Lob," a most wise and powerful Rabbi, to whom he confessed.

Near the graveyard, which stands in the middle of the Ghetto, the residence of the great Rabbi is still pointed out, and the garret where he passed long Summer days and Winter nights in cabalistic studies. Here he was waited upon by "Golem," a slave made of clay, to whom, with the assistance of the Magi, he had given life, in order that no one born of woman, no being darkened by the breath of earthly passion, might approach him -So holy was the Rabbi, that even in the distance the guilty and impure were troubled by his glance. A look of his eye compelled liars and slanderers to speak out their most secret thoughts and criminate themselves. The pious Empress Maria Therese, once came to Prague, and deter mined to drive the Jews out of the land. Mighty advocates, high officials, even Catholic Priests, won by precious gold, endeavored in vain to soften her heart. When "Hoch Reb Lob" heard this, he took the huge Chaldaic folio in which he had been reading and set out to visit the Empress. He crossed the bridge, and when he had reached the city on the other side, a great crowd of curious Christians collected around him, and cries of contempt arose on all sides : he smiled and passed The gilded stage-carriage of the Empress, drawn by six horses, came at full speed down the hill from the Palace of the Hradschin .-"Hoch Reb Lob" stationed himself at the foot of the hill, and lifting his arm, cried in a loud voice "Halt !" This boldness exasperated the crowd to fury, and women and children pelted him with mud and stones. But the stones turned into cherry-blossoms, and the mud fell like a rain of appleblossoms on his furrowed brow, his silver beard and his broad shoulders. The carriage stood sud. denly still in the midst of the descent; the six horses tossed their manes, champed their foam ing bits, struck out wildly with their hoofs, threw their heads nearly to the earth in terror, then plunged again in the air, but could not move a step. "Mighty Empress!" cried Hoch Reb Lob-"I swear by the Almighty God, thou wilt change thy mind before the sun goes down, and my peo ple shall live in peace, till the Moldau flows over the towers of the Hradschin!" He then turned and walked slowly homeward through the awestricken crowd, carrying his Chaldaic folio; and in the same hour the Empress tore in pieces the decree which she had already signed for the ban,

ishment of the Jews. The Cemetery is a most dismal place. There the wind blows over the rank, unmown grass around the tombstones, and rustles the boughs of the neglected trees which lift their crooked trunks here and there. Many of the stones are centuries old, decaying and half sunken in the black soil-Snow and rain have half worn away the sharp Hebrew characters, and only the mossy, scrolllike heads of many others are to be seen among the grass, or a pair of hands of carved stone, de noting that there moulders one of the tribe of Aaron. Inside of the cemetery walls every foot of earth is composed of the dust and crumbling bones of the dead, but their rest is never disturbed in order to give place to the newly departed. Each one keeps possession of his narrow house, for the orthodox Jew thinks that economy of space which is so greatly to the interest of the living, an infamy when applied to the dead, and wherever it is possible, he makes the severest sacrifices to obtain for himself and his fathers an everlasting property for their mortal remains

The cemetery has been full as far as the memory of the place reaches, and the dead are now buried in a spot outside of the city. Around the old graves cluster the lofty, toppling, crowded houses of the living, but no one ventures to enlarge his room at the cost of disturbing his ancestors. whose names are mostly forgotten, whose race has often been long extinct. This piety, however, will vanish like the legends, whose source has been sealed since the commencement of this

Such a place as the Ghetto is rich in specimens of humanity as quaint and antique as itself. One of the most curious characters which one meets in Prague, is the old pedlar, a dealer in small wares, such as fishbones, knitting implements, needles and the like. He may be seen at all seasons and in all weathers, going the rounds, calling attention to his wares with a long nasal cry. Notwithstanding the toilsome nature of his business. the scanty returns it yields and the general contempt with which he is looked upon, he plods through year after year, feeling a kind of satisfaction in knowing that the prejudice against his race is growing less and less. "In the Jesuitengasse," he says, "it is a long time since I have been drenched with water from the windows, and the children in Smichow are not so dangerous as formerly." Thus consoling himself he goes along the street, repeating his shrill cry. At the door of a brewery he sees a lusty apprentice with a green cap on his head, and a whitish moustache just sprouting on his upper lip. He smiles in secret for he remembers how, many years ago a wicked boy burned off half his beard while he lay asleep beside the steps of a beer house. In his wrath at this disfigurement, he had cursed the boy and besought God to give him no beard when he grew up. Afterward, he had repented of his anger in sackcloth and ashes, and begged that the curse might be removed. Now he sees the down on that apprentice's lip and feels that his penitence

has had its effect. His life, however, has its annoyances. Sometimes he goes wandering all day long without selling even a needle, and goes home groaning with not a kreutzer in his pocket. Perhaps it is late on Thursday evening, and he is anxious to get back before the Sabbath commences. Just as he turns his steps towards the Ghetto, some one calls him from the third story of a high house. "Well," he thinks, "a little profit is better than none," and toils up the long, dark stairway, think ing of how much he shall make. When he reaches the top, he sees an impatient young mother trying to stop the screams of a refractory boy. "Here he comes!" she cries, pointing to the poor desler: "there! do you see the frightful Jew If you are not quiet this minute, he'll put you in his pack, and eat you alive when he gets home. There; that's enough. Now, Jew, you may go! But it is time to close our sketc

Agriculture in California.

The experience of last season, in the agricultural operations of California, have fully justified the accounts sent from that country by The Trib une's Special Correspondent in 1849. The opinion he expressed regarding the wonderful productiveness of soil and climate, though then regarded, in some quarters, as extravagant, has since been more than verified. The annexed letter gives some statements which may appear incredible, but which we have every reason to believe correct:

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

San Francisco, January, 1851.

In a former communication, I alluded to the ex tensive preparations making in this State for car rving on agricultural pursuits; and, in order to give your readers a more full and detailed account of what was accomplished here the past year, I have solicited from Mr. James Horner a minute account of his farming operations in 1850.

Mr. James Horner hails from Monmouth Coun-

ty, N. J. His farm is now located at the mission of San Jose, (about 40 miles from this city.) He came here four years since, over land, and has his wife with him. Mr. Horner planted about 130 scres of Potatoes, yielding him a crop of 35 000 bushels, averaging 50 lbs to the bushel, and 270 has held to the screen. The crop will average about bushels to the acre. The crop will average about ten cents per pound, or the enormous sum of one hundred and seventy five thousand dollars: or what is the same thing, the whole yield of 130 acres was 35,000 bushels, and sold at \$5 per bushel He also raised from four acres of land forty thousand pounds of Onions which he sold at an average of 40 cents per pound (some of them weighing four pounds each.) and which crop of Onions produced \$16,000, (say four acres of On-

ions, 40,000 lbs., 40c. per pound.)
As for Cabbages, he planted 70,000, and raised forty thousand head for market, which he sold on the average at 40 cents each, or say, \$16,000, from neres. He also raised 50,000 pounds of Tomatoes, which

he sold at prices varying from 10 to 20 cents per pound, or an average of 121 cents per pound—producing the handsome sum of \$6,250.

And now for the Pumpkins, about 40 tuns, which he sold at 6 cents per pound, some of them

weighing 74 pounds each, but averaging 30 pounds each—these equalled the sum of \$4,800.

Exclusive of many minor articles of garden track Mr. Horner proposes the present season to plant four hundred acres of potatoes, four hundred acres Barley, &c. &c. and to this end, is ordering twenty of Bryant & Co.'s "California Plows," of Bryant & Co. s "California Plows, at 355 each for his own use, and says he has just received an importation of "ten miles" of Iron Fencing, ordered a year since by him in Liverpool, England, and which item alone costs him, put down land, and which item alone costs him, put down here, over \$10,600. From these two items, your readers will readily perceive that capital is required here to carry on farming, as well as any other enterprise, though it is said, that there are farmers who made from \$100,000 to \$150,000 off of their land last year. This looks large, but I

give you the figures.

Mr. Horner is a young man, and remarked to me to day, that he hoped another year to be able (with others, who are going into the business extensively,) to drive off all foreign importations of les, from the Islands of the Pacific and the outhern coast; and judging from the yield of above 150 acres, we have every reason to suppose that it can be done. The fact is, the farming interests and capacity of California have been altogether overlooked and mis-stated; but the farmers are now beginning to wake up, and realizing the truth as it is, that the best mine in California is a

Good farming lands, in rich valleys, and within fifty miles of this city, can be purchased at about \$10 per acre, or leased out on favorable terms upon shares—the owner furnishing all the stock, im-plements of husbandry, &c and the laborer returning half the produce of the soil. I know of a farm upon the opposite coast, of 100 acres, which is offered to rent for \$600 the first year, and for the two succeeding years for one lifth of the crop. There is one fact connected with farming in California, that is entirely overlooked by agricul-turists in the Atlantic States, which is this: that Cattle are not required to be "foddered" in the Winter months, as with you. The "Winters" of California are more like the Spring of the year The grass here begins to start immediately on the setting in of the rainy season, about the last of November or December, which is our seed time, and this continues for five or six months Then the wild eats upon a thousand hills are sufficient, with the native grass, to supply all their need, without any assistance from man. Hogs, too, are being raised here in immense quantities, acorns being very abundant, on which they feed and grow fat. Barley will yield here from 50 to and grow fat. Barley will yield here from 50 to 70 bushels per acre—and thousands of acres will be sown in this State the present season. Farm-ers and shippers will do well to bear in mind the influence which home production must have on future prices of grain, &c. From present indica-tions, potatoes will be sold here another year for \$1 per bushel, (not \$5, as the average of the last six months, though the present price is 5 to 6 cts. per lb. or what is equal to \$2 50 per bushel.)

The increased attention which the extravagant rates obtained for all kinds of vegetables, and the

enormous profits realized by those engaged in the raising and exportation of them from the Sandwich Islands and Van Diemen's Land and other points on the Pacific, to California for two years past, will be quite sufficient, this and another season, to force down prices to rates equal to those paid by the consumer in your city Within ten days past there has arrived at San Jose Valley, over the plains from Santa Fé, 5,000 sheep. They have been on the road nearly eight months, and yet they are in fair condition.

There are numerous other valleys all over this

State, which are attracting the attention of farmson prove favorable to the crisis, such results will e obtained and promulgated as to astonish the ivilized world. Wheat can be raised to great rofit, as experiments made the past season will verify; but having no flouring mills in the country, but little will be raised this season. Your readers may rely upon the truthfulness of my statements, and if any other proof is needed, Mr Horner is to be found at his vegetable depot here in this city, where he hopes to be ever ready to supply the whole Pacific fleet with good fresh vegetables for many years to come. Yours truly, ONTARIO.

The Pioneers-Col. Johnston, of Piqua.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

The Celebration of the Iron Union of the Lake and River brought to our city not only the Assembled Wisdom, but many of the Fathers of the State Among them we are happy to greet Mr. Blackburn, in early times the Senator from Co lumbiana, now a member of the House from the the newer North-West; Senator Bull, of Ashland a jolly "Old Salt" who seemed to revel in his element when shaking hands with our noble Lake tars and the worthy retired Harbor Masters, Captains McCurdy and Belden; Joseph Ridgway, of Columbus, known the State over as "honest Jo," and one of the best men in or out of office; Alfred Kelley, whose history is the internal improvement history of our glorious Ohio; Cyrus Prentiss, of Ravenna, the Cleveland boy and energetic Rail-road man: Dr. N. Goodale, of Columbus, a re-spected Pioneer of Central Ohio, whose latchstring is always out; Frederick Wadsworth, of Akron, a Reserve Pioneer loved and honored; Wm. B. Hubbard, of Columbus, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives; Senator of Warren, cradled in the infancy of Old Trum-bull; Col. P. H. Olmstead, the Father of the Columbus Press, who pulled the Ramage Devil's tail long before steam and lightning moved the lever of the World; Col. Samuel Medary, the Clermont printer boy who rose to the "Statesman" and aspires to sink to the U.S. Senate; Senator Ly. man, of Portage, a Pioneer ever esteemed and honored in private and public life; Gov. Wood, of Evergreen Place, who travelled the circuit when the Common Pleas was the event of the New County, and has gathered the laurels planted by his own hand; J. Greiner, the excellent State Librarian who composes and sings the songs of the People; John J. Wright, of Cincinnati, who voted for the first rod of railroad in Ohio; Col. Paul Anderson, also of the Queen City, noted all over the West for his social and many virtues; and last, but not least, Col. John Johnston, of Piqua, the early friend and compatriot of Harrison, the bonest man and public officer, the Red Man's Father and the White Man's Protector throughout the wild North West.

Col Johnston is one of the most remarkable men of the age. Tall, erect and commanding in

his personal appearance—a life spent in the active service of his country, and enduring all the hard-ships and privations of the pioneers of the Great Valley-his step under the weight of 76 years is still elastic, his eye undimmed, his memory un-clouded, and the glow of health on his cheek Col. J came to Cincinnati in 1792, in his 17th year. He served in the Quartermaster's Department He served in the Quartermaster's Department there, and at the same time as Commissary. He was in Kentucky in 1795, and was a Clerk in the public offices of the General Government down to 1800. After that he was in the Indian Department in the North West for over thirty years. During the war of 1812, Col. Johnston was, in addition to his duties as Agent for Indian Affairs, a Commissary, Paymaster and Quartermaster on the North-Western frontier, and had 7,000 Indians under his charge during the whole war, and kept them at peace. He lost a brother in the war 1812, and his two oldest sons in the Mexican War. One, a Captain of dragoons, was killed in battle; the other, a Lieutenant in the Navy, died of disease at sea. Col. Johnston has served the United States in various trusts about forty years, and ever maintained the character of an honest, faithful and discreet public officer. He prefers traveling on horseback to any other mode, and attended the Whig National Conventions at Harrisburg and Baitimore, making the journey over the mountains on his favorite steed in the dress and character of the early Pioneers. He was ar-dently devoted to the success of Gen. Harrison, and made a general electioneering tour among his old acquaintances en route, especially in Pennsyl-

old acquaintances en route, especially in Pennsylvania. It will be remembered that Old Tip carried the State by a small majority, and Col J. is gratified in the thought that his visit changed votes enough to secure the victory.

Col. Johnston is very intelligent and animated in conversation, and informed us that he passed through Cleveland 45 years ago on his way from the North to Pittaburgh, and had never been here they have time to the present. He was the colfrom that time to the present. He was the col-league of Alfred Kelley in the old Canal Board ten years, and, said the venerable Colonel, "I am here by his request, the guest of this beautiful city of the Lake: and now through the talents, public spirit and energy of my old friend Kelley, I have traveled here on the Iron Horse from the Queen City of the Ohio in fourteen running hours Within my recollection not a white individual was to be found in the whole country between here and Cincinnati. Such are some of the work ings of a free people, and all accomplished in the short life of a single individual yet on the stage f action, in his 76th year. It savors as much of

God bless the Pioneers!

Jasmin, the French Barber-Poet.

A correspondent of a London paper gives the ollowing particulars of this very remarkable man, whom he has lately visited at Agen, in Lan-

I paused before the lintel of the modest shop I paused before the linter of the modess shop inscribed Jasmin, Perruquier, Confeur de jeunes Gens. A little brass basin dangled above the threshold, and, looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbor. Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to the poet, and there did appear and the state of the poet, and there did appear and the state of the poet, and there are a second and see that the poet is and the state of the poet. my compliments to the poet, and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and ludicrous in having to address, to some extent in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a species of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear. Three words explained the na ture of my visit, and Jasmin received me with a spe-cies of warm courtesy which was very charming; dashing at once, with the most clattering volubility and flery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodica and hery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and the palois of it, spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly-limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercing bright black eyes and features which would be heavy were they allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, sending a payor ending series of varying averaging as a payor ending series of varying averaging as a payor ending series of varying averaging as a series of varying averaging and the palois of its particular to the palois of the palois of its particular to the palois of the palois of its particular to the palois of the palo cles, sending a never ending series of varying expressions across the dark swarthy visage.

Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock modesty, and the pretended self underrating, conventionally assumed by persons ex pecting to be complimented upon their sayings and doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to des-pise all such filmsy hypocrisy. "God only made four Frenchmen poets," he out with, "and their four Frenchmen poets, he out with, "and their names are, Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Talking with the most impassioned vehemence and the most redundant energy of esture, he went on to declaim against fluences of civilization upon language and man-ners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it barned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, salons, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlet-tered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song—not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, and schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin decounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French guage. You could no more write poetry in French now than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and kneaded, and tricked ont, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, chipped—[I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets be

used)-and pranked out, and polished, and muscadined—until, for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable and con-temptible jargon. It might do for cheating agents temptible largen. It might do to the ange of the de charge on the Bourse—for squabbling politicians in the Chambers—for mincing dandies in the salons—for the sarcasm of Scribe ish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces, but for poetry the French language was extinct.

odern poets who used it were mere fais eurs de phrase-thinking about words and not feelings. "No, no," my Troubadour continued— to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academies and dictionary makers and journalists-you must have a language like that which your own Burns -whom I read of in Chateaubriand-used; or like the brave old mellow tongue-unchanged for centuries-stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms and odd solemn words, full of ifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful - the thetic and familiar, homely and graceful—the lan-guage which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science or jack-a-dandy litterateurs. The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing from every pore in his body—so rapid, vehement, and loud were his enunciations of them

The raptures of the New-Yorkers or Bostonians with Jenny Lind, he says, are weak and cold com-pared with the ovations which Jasmin has repared with the ovations which Jasmin has re-ceived. At a late recitation at Auch, the ladies present actually tore the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets, wove them into extempore garlands, and flung them in showers upon the pant-ing minstrel; while the editors of the local papers next morning assured him, in floods of flattering epigrams, that humble as he was now, future would acknowledge the "divinity" of Jas-

There is a feature about these recitations which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. fits of popular entities which they in the sind given by Jasmin, in one of the Pyrenean cities—I lorget which produced 2,000 francs. Every sou of this went to the public charities. Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps unrestrained, but certainly exalted chival-ric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which Nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a briliant tour through the South of France, delighting vast sudiences in every city, and flinging many wast audiences in every city, and finging many thousands of francs into every poor box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this is no ordinary poetaster. One would be puzzled to find a similar instance of perfect and absolute disinterestedness in the roll of minstrels, from Homer downward: and to tell the minstrels, from Homer downward; and to tell the truth, there does seem a spice of Quixotism mingled with and tinging the pure fervor of the enthusiast. Certain it is, that the Troubadors of ore, upon whose model Jasmin professes to found his poetry, were by no means so scrupulous.—
"Largesse" was a very prominent word in the

Exploit of a Roman Bandit.

A small Italian town has recently been the scene of an exploit almost incredible. It as that on the 25th of January the theatrical of Forlini Popoli was playing the "Death of Caesar." Forlini Popoli is a small town of about 4,000 inhabitants, inclosed by a high wall, entered by two gates, and scarcely three miles from the town of Forli, of which it is a kind of suburb.— By s in the evening, the hour when the theaters open in Italy, all movement has disappeared from the streets, the windows are closed, and the inbabitants have retired to their homes, the coffee-honses, or theaters. This absence of activity in the streets, which every one remarks at Rome, is still more complete in small towns. It may then be understood how, at Forlini-Popoli, and particularly on an evening when the theater was open, the streets should be so deserted as to make pos-

sible the occurrence now to be related.

The first act of the piece had terminated, and the curtain had just fallen, when suddenly it rose and disclosed—instead of the actors, who had dis-appeared—ten brigands of the band del Passatore, who armed with muskets and carbines, leveled them so as to command the entire range of the pit and boxes At the same moment, another party, consisting of 30 brigands, made their appearance on the floor of the house, the issues of wh on the hoot and armed with sabres and pistols, menaced the spectators. A moment of stapor, during which no one dared move, elapsed, when the chief of the brigands advanced to the footlights, and, exhibiting the keys of the two gates of the town, said: "Gentlemen, you see by these that you are entirely in our power; any resistance on your part would lead to disasters which I should be the first to deplore, but which it depends on Listen, then to what I have to say I am about to call out the names of several among you as I pronounce a name, let him who bears it step forth from his box and repair to his house, in without defrauding us of a porpetto." he crator displayed a paper, and commenced readng the fatal roll. Submission was inevitable. A dozen carabineers formed the sole police of For-lini Popoli. Six of these were in the theatre, and had been gagged by the brigands. The six others, surprised in their guard house, had ventured a vain resistance. The burgomaster was the first

Fome time was of course required for this opera tion, which did not terminate before a quarter to twelve. It was probably to shorten the agony of twelve. It was probably to shorten the agony of the pit and boxes that two brigands went from spectator to spectator, collecting hatfuls of watch-es, purses, chains, rings, and even umbrellas. When the harvest was gathered, and the booty bad been heaped up on the stage, the brigands allowed the curtain to fall, and quietly withdrew, carrying all with them. The money thus obtained amounted to 7,000 Roman plasters, or about 40,000 francs, and the bijoux, objects of art, &c.,

at double that sum.

The next day an Austrian detachment set out in pursuit of the band, which probably had dispersed by that time in the mountains, or passed the Tuscan frontier. Their number is supposed to have been about three or four hundred. It is probable that they were in league with some of the inhabitants. However this may be, private the inhabitants. However this may be, private houses and public treasuries all have been plundered with the exception of the Monte de Pieto, the fastening of which resisted all the attempts made to break it.

Superstitious Intolerance at Prague. We take the following from the correspondence

which illustrates in a striking degree the decrease

of the Daily News: A circumstance has just occurred in Prague

in that city of that form of religion—devotion to dogma and Church ceremonies—most acceptable to a power loving priesthood and to despotic Governments. I allude to the burial of Dr. Smetana, a philosopher and man of learning, who last year publicly abjured, in Prague, the errors of Popery. Dr. Smetana had been a Catholic Priest, and mem-ber of a distinguished order (Kreutzherrn); therefore his apostacy, as it was called, made a great deat of noise in Bohemia, and brought such a host of bigots in arms against him, that he found it necessary to give up the editorship of the Union newspaper, (his occupation at the time he second from the Catholic Church,) and take refuge in Alfrom the Catholic Charles broken, however, and tora. His health being broken, however, and teeling that his days were numbered, he lately came back to Prague to take leave of his relations. and friends, and to be buried in his native soil -Since his return, the Catholic Priests, with the ultramontane Archbishop, Prince Schwarzenberg, at their head, have been making extraordinary exertions, both with the dying man and his family, to induce him to return to the bosom of "the only sanctifying Church." The Archbishop even only sanctifying Church." The Archbishop even went twice in person to Smetana's humble abode; but the exhortations, the pathos, and the threats of his Eminence, proved to be fruitless. Smetana remained true to his principles, and died, as he had lived, obeying the dictates of his reason and conscience, and leaving an angulling. conscience, and leaving an unsullied moral charac conscience, and leaving an unsullied moral character behind him. How was such an arch heretic to be buried? This knotty point brought the Church and military authorities and the police into a fever of excitement and alarm. The result of their deliberations was shown in an order that the corpse should be conveyed in an undecorated hearse, and without any kind of religious ceremonial; that it should leave the town by the gate nearest to the deceased's residence, and be taken a roundabout way outside the walls, and at a quick pace, to the place of its destination. This was the Protestant burial ground, in a corner of was the Protestant burial ground, in a corner of which a grave had been prepared. Although an

early hour had been fixed, and kept as secret as possible, still many thousands were assembled to do the last honors to a man whose life was known do the last honors to a man whose life was known to have been devoted to freedom and truth. Despite rain and mud, an immense concourse of people followed the hearse, and when it reached the burial ground the numbers are said to have amounted to at least 6,000. On the coffin being lowered into the grave, one sympathetic feeling seemed to actuate the entire assemblage, for in an instant the heads of all present were uncovered, and a dead silence prevailed for several minutes. After this right of present cases. utes. After this tribute of respect for the deceased—the only one possible on such an occasion—the crowds dispersed as quietly as could be, to rethe crowds dispersed as quietly as could be, to re-ture to the town by different gates. Thus ended this memorable burial, which caused the military to be confined to the barracks, prepared for work, brought every policeman on his legs, and no small amount of vexation to the authorities. The leg-son read to the latter has been a bitter one.— Twenty-five years ago the people of Prague would probably have torn the body of an excom-municated man, like Smetans, from the hearse, and thrown it into the gutter. It is now apparent that the condemnatory voice of the Church and the word heretic have lost their power over the people, even in a city where so little has been done for education.

From Morris & Willis's Home Journal Love-Letters.

We have received, as we had, perhaps, venture-ome expectation of doing, numerous copies of love-letters from those who have been well and elequently written to. We were quite sure that elequently written to. We were quite sur women of sense would not refuse to the the luxury of reading the burning words the luxury of reading the burning words of genius, casketed, as they often are, in such letters, when names and places could be reserved, and the secret that belongs to them could thus be kept sacredly as before. We commence the series with one that may not please all tastes. It is apparently by an intellectual lover, and toe cold and discriminating for general sympathy.—As one of the endless varieties of love's many-poiced utterance, it will nechans be interesting as one of the choices varieties of interesting—and it will, at least, serve to highten, by contrast, the more glowing ones from which we have solected it, and which will follow in their turn. We still solicit copies of letters from the files of the best-loved of our fair Home Journalists.]

I date my letter, dearest, with the hour I date my letter, dearest, with the hour whom I usually write to you. You wished to know it, that you might, at the same moment, be writing to me. But I fear you will be disappointed, at first thought, with the humdrum daylight which my pen chooses for its love making. And you will think, too, (do you not?) that, of all hours, even in the day, ten in the morning is the most coldly unimpassioned and unromantic! One is more likely to be thinking of one's banker or boot-maker, at that hour, perhaps you will carl your weet lip poutingly to say.

But this, my pen's culpable departure from the

But this, my pen's cuipable departure from the usage of lovers, has its pool little reason, oh beautiful judge! Hear it before you condema! I know how you look, now, with the dark lashes of your great blue ryes un drooped, and oach violet lake surrounded with its icy-cold circle of snow—Minerva preparing for war—but, grant us a moment's merciful reprieve, while we explain!

I am not so happy, in separation from youeven with the sweet certainty that you love me—as not to study, by every possible refinement, to counterbalance the pain of absence. The pleasure of seeing your picture—(the exquisite one my friend, the artist, stole for me, and not that cadaverous derogatorytype)—is not equal, for instance, at all times. I can talk of you, sometimes, to my friend—at others I cannot. Sometimes I to my friend—at others I cannot Sometimes feel worthy of you—again I banish the thoughton you, because you seem too beautiful and pure for such a sinner as I. I have found, I mean, that love has its moods—kindlings and caprices, wak-ings and sleepings, distrustings and believings— and different hours for all. It is perfect Heaven to be loved by you-but, when Heaven is absent, even an angel requires consolations, I am very ec

Well-I have tried, among other things, to make my letters more of a joy to myself, as well as worther of the sweet hands to which they are sent, by writing them when my thoughts of you gave me the most happiness. I have written at all hours. I will not trouble you with those which pleased me least, but let me come at once to my

enlessions as to preference for ten in the morning.

It is, in the first place, the hour of the twenty It is, in the first place, the hour of the twentyfour when my good angel "has his audience."

My heart is then fragrant with what little incense
I burn upon the altar of better purpose and things
to be sorry for. I am "good boy," then, if ever—
though, (mind!) this is not a reason why I should
choose to see you just then. Ladies, like angels,
love beat those they can assist in saving, and
would naturally prefer to see one when he most
needs their ministering tenderness. But it is not
so much what my heart is, as what my mind is, at
this particular hour. It is then that I see clearest this particular hour. It is then that I see clearest—that my thoughts are easiest concentrated on one subject—that my imagination paints for me, best: nd most realizingly, the picture of one who is absent. In the heart you inhabit, oh sweetest of women! you are not always "visible"—though the tenement is mine-but it is at ten in the

ng that I can oftenest succeed in seeing you.

These are lesser reasons, however, and now fee These are lesser reasons, however, and now for the strongest and best—what you yourself are, at ten in the morning—for, knowing your habits as I do, I must needs picture you, in my imagination, as I know you to be, amid the associations and employments of this hour, when I can most clearly as well as most pleasureably see you. The hour is here. Shall I describe to you the picture in my mind's eye, which I see at this moment—which I find it so sweet to look on—and which I could not see, at hours later and more romantic?

You are alone, and amid your books. The folds of one of those white morning dresses, which you

of one of those white morning dresses, which you always wear at this hour, and in which you are always wear at this hour, and in which you are loveliest, are falling around your slippered feet, the waving lines from the neck downward girdled loosely at the waist. The moisture of the bath still slightly darkens the shade upon the edge of the blond locks divided upon your forehead, and the humid softness of the loving water still highten the luster of the bright lips in repose, and of the transparent roses in the check. There and of the transparent roses in the cheek. There is a languor in the drooping lids, at the same time, that, in the eyes themselves, there is the clear calm of thoughts all peacefully at home. The faultless head is drooped forward as you read, and the lines of those features, of Nature's divinest chiselling are in the forgetful and yet intellectual repose in which the celestial type that they embed is seen most trally.

repose in which the celestial type that they em-body is seen most truly.

You have slept, and angels have been with you, since the world (the profaning world!) looked on you. Till noon, I know, you are accessible by you. Till noon, I know, you are accessible by viewless visitants alone, giving the morning hours to self-culture and to influences in which fashion and life out of doors have no share. On those taper and dimpled hands there are no rings, and, from the veined wrists to the rosy nails, every nerve is slumberously inactive, while the posture of every finger is a model for sculpture. There is no sound in the room, and no movement but the no sound in the room, and no movement but the changing light, as the white drapery upon your bosom rises and falls to the even measure of

You are beautiful-oh how beautiful!-as you You are beautiful—oh how beautiful:—as you ait there unconsciously, and all alone in your love-liness—in loveliness, it seems to me, that must be delicious company to itself! Oh Heaven, how clearly I see you!—how the sight of you possesses me, mind and heart, at this moment, and how passionately and inexpressibly I worship what I see! Ah, if intensity of gazing and longing would see! Ah, if intensity of gazing and longing would be the seem of the eye wou might "photograph" a picture upon the eye, you might see yourself in mine, when next we meet—paint-ed (even at ten in the morning!) as no glowing pencil of genius could do, with half so radiant a

But it is getting toward the wickeder hours. have paused, pen in hand, over my picture, till I have outwritten the cling of that white morning-gown to your waist, and, by this time, you are bonneted for a drive. By me, exclusively, you are seen no longer. I share you with the world. are seen no longer. I share you with the world. Your glorious beauty may sun any eye that meets you, and I must haste to think less of you, that this prodigal lavishing of my treasure may be borne more patiently. What have they done to deserve to see you—those blockheads who will look round as you pass and call you beautiful?

Too vexed, with this last thought, to tell you how much I love you, Adieu, F. F.

Not so BAD AS IT SOUNDS .- The author of the Not so BAD As IT SOUNDS.—The author of the "Comic Law Dictionary" in the Burlington (VL) Sentinel, says of the legal phrase, "Damsum sunm," that "it doth not import a profane and peremptory command of the law that any aggrieved person shall bring immediate suit against wrong doers, as one might hastily imagine, but is a Latin expression, which signifies one's 'owe burt,' and contains no intimation of harting any-body else."